

## Rewards

The Right Wing Government had featured much Freedom-Mouthing, and leaders in limousine monstrosities followed by Yes Persons in buses.

The leaders were murdered by the Revolution, and scruffy newcomers took over in jeeps.

The Yes Persons, of course, switched their tunes seamlessly.

Soon enough, the revolutionists evolved into Armani suits, the limos returned, and everything relaxed.

Five years in and we were pretty much into the Every Man a King, Every Woman a Queen phase.

Which takes us to the present milieu, best illustrated by a walk I took with my friend in Minneapolis.

The first wave we encountered wore PERSON OF THE YEAR tshirts. Followed by LITTLE LEAGUE CAPTAINS of their various times. Then GIRL SCOUT GOLDENS! COOKIE SELLERS EXTRAORDINAIRE!

Most of the award winners had pushed ahead as a sort of impromptu parade, some carrying actual trophies which flayed around dangerously. Such flashing hazard proved too chaotic to TOP INNOVATIVE BUSINESSMAN OF 2032. He organized them by screaming.

BOWLERS OF THE DECADE, ST PAUL, helped him, and soon was restored aimless milling, and Top Innovative's sanity.

BEST LITERARY SCHOLAR, TWIN CITIES, EXCLUDING DOWNTOWNS AND NEIGHBORHOODS SURROUNDING GUTHRIE THEATER smiled, once we got close enough to read his tshirt.

We were about to test him with obscure allusions when a Grandmother shrieked at us in no recognizable language. Then we did decipher "Where's your accomplishments, Numbnuts Nothings from Nowhere?"

"Mine are home. Mother taught us not to flaunt." I answered.

My friend added, "When all are marvels, who does the work?"

"Not you!" she snapped, this CHEERLEADER OF THE CENTURY.  
"I recognize your type, calling everybody whores and sluts!"

"If the shoe fits..." he fired back.

"Yeah? Well, when they snuffed the old regime, they missed you two. Well, let me tell you, that can be remedied!" She joined THE PARAMOUNT-TOP DELINQUENTS (FORMER) CLUB, playing boccie in Elliot park.

Finally she pointed to us, her silk jacket taking on a leaping iridescence in her agitation after missing a blocking shot. Her team threatened with upraised fists.

Discretion being the better part, etc., we slid though the prestigious crowd, finally entering the Hot Dog Depot. Award-Winning of course.

We sat on a very large and quite artistic BEST OF THE FOOTLONGS, SAN DIEGO trophy in marble.

You'd think they wouldn't allow that but they did.